

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month (by mail only). Address changed as often as desired. While out of town the State Journal will be sent to you like a daily letter from home. Advance payment is requested on these short time subscriptions, to save bookkeeping expenses.

That Michigan man who found the shell of a fresh water clam with 912 pearls in it, must also have found something large in the way of a clam shell.

All doubt that September 4 would be labor day in Kansas and observed as such, has been removed. Governor Stubbs has issued a formal proclamation in the premises.

Watermelons weighing from 40 to 75 pounds are now on the local market. This is just a nice size for Father to tote home after a hard day's work on an emergency call.

As the rivers wind their way in Kansas, The Blue has chosen a new channel. In the vicinity of Manhattan, it used to run close to one edge of that town. Now it is three miles from it.

Maybe Engineer Vaniman will meet with a larger success on his next effort to sail across the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon. Walter Wellman will not be on deck to work out as a hoodoo.

Educational progress in the right direction. Princeton university is out with a requirement that every student must learn how to swim and give "first aid" in drowning, or be dropped from the roster.

Secretary Justis, of the Provident Association, is again at all street preaching. So is almost everybody else with the possible exception of the street preachers who find the activity more or less lucrative.

Harry Kemp says that the Sinclairs and he are exempt from criticism because they are not of the "usual sort." This much is granted. Neither is the burglar of the usual sort of humanity. Still he is punished for his misdeeds if he is caught.

Commendation is due the city commissioners for their determination to have everything about the city spick and span for the State Fair and Semi-Centennial celebrations. Every property owner in town, and the renters as well, can lend a hand in this direction by seeing to it that their premises are made as slightly as possible.

Admiral Togo is also a versatile fighter. He won quite as notable a victory over the gastronomic guns trained on him at the American banquets as he did over the fire of the Russian battleships in the Sea of Japan. Only once did his defense come anywhere near weakening. That was when Boston fired a broadside of beans at him.

Adding just a reasonable sum for primary and election campaign expenses to the \$3,000 entrance fee that the Republican committee of the Second district has demanded of each candidate who seeks to try for special congressional nomination, and the successful candidate would need to get hold of a sum that would be more than half of the salary he will receive during his one-year term of office.

Theft is a most profitable pursuit in New York city. During the past two months the police there have received reports of the theft of 4,200 articles, including watches, diamonds and other jewelry worth \$260,000. Very few of the stolen things have been recovered. And probably as many more articles have been stolen which were not reported to the police. New York also has the "finest" police force in the world when it comes to handling crowds or mobs or making a showing in parades.

That storm which swept over Charleston, driving six torpedo boats ashore, causing damage in the Charleston navy yard to the extent of \$20,000, and other damage in the city to the extent of \$100,000, is neither called a cyclone, tornado nor a hurricane in the newspaper dispatches telling about it. It is referred to merely as a storm with a "50-mile wind." Just suppose as severe

a storm visited any locality in Kansas. The newspapers the country over would have styled it as a cyclone, or tornado or a combination of both making merry in "the home of tornadoes." As a matter of fact Kansas doesn't even get its share of the disastrous storms that float around the United States.

A HARD FIGHT WELL WON.

Only three houses in the entire city are under quarantine against smallpox. In these three houses there are four persons who are well on the road to recovery from the ravages of the disease. It is expected that the quarantine against three of these persons will be raised by the end of the week. That will leave just one house in the whole city under quarantine. At the pest house there are four smallpox patients. One of these will be released by the end of the week, possibly two.

Such is the present score in the battle that has been fought by Topeka against the smallpox epidemic on the East side which was assuming alarming proportions a couple of months ago. Practically speaking, this epidemic has been wiped out. The fight against the dread scourge has been won. There should be rejoicing and dancing throughout the city and nothing but words of praise for Commissioner Stotts, in charge of the city sanitary department, for the other city commissioners who stood loyally by him in placing an effective and rigorous quarantine on the infected districts, for Dr. Marcotte, the special city physician, who did yeoman's service, and for Dr. Stewart, the new city physician for the assistance he has given since he has been in office.

These men may well look with pardonable pride on their accomplishments. They were confronted with a hard proposition. Only the stern measures that they took and the untiring energy they displayed in handling the situation saved Topeka from a smallpox epidemic of large proportions. They rose like heroes to the task before them. The results are the only testimony that is needed of their capabilities and their efficiency. Just how capable and efficient they were can be realized by the fact that the epidemic was practically confined to three small centers on the East side.

Not only has this successful fight against the smallpox epidemic been a great thing for Topeka. It has also been of advantage to the whole state of Kansas. In proportion to the population, there is more smallpox annually in Kansas than in any other state in the union. There is no telling when or where a serious epidemic of the disease might develop. But it has been demonstrated by the officials of Topeka that such an epidemic can be handled and suppressed if reasonable and vigorous measures against it are taken. This is an object lesson that ought to be of value to the entire state.

SAVING MONEY ON FARM EGGS

Improper and antiquated methods of handling eggs in the United States resulted in losses that reach an estimated total of \$45,000,000 annually. This is 17 per cent of the estimated total value of the entire crop. Practically all this loss is borne by farmers and other producers, and a large part of it can be prevented. How the department of agriculture through its bureau of animal industry is solving this problem is told in Bulletin 141 just issued, entitled "The Improvement of the Farm Egg."

In order to show how this loss might be prevented, the bureau of animal industry last year sent experts into Kansas to conduct investigations. The results of the first season's work are given in detail in the bulletin, with suggestions for improvement that may be applied anywhere. "Although but one season has been spent by the bureau in this work," says the bulletin, "several much desired changes have been brought about. The most important of these was the adoption by shippers of the 'loss-off' system of buying and selling eggs."

Previous to the work of the bureau, Kansas eggs were not very popular in the markets outside the state and a handicap rather than quality was a handicap to the shippers. The immediate effect of buying on a "loss-off" system produced such a marked change in the quality of the eggs reaching the market that outside buyers now manifest a preference for eggs bought in this manner.

REFLECTIONS ON LUXURY.

What does man want here below, anyway? asks E. S. Martin, in Harper's for September, and he continues: Room and bath, food, clothes, a newspaper, and a job and fair opportunities to better himself. He has got the newspaper already. In this country at least, there are enough newspapers to suit him and in the cities any one who declines to buy one can supply himself out of the first ash barrel. There is nothing so cheap as newspapers, and that is a consequence of the pressure of commodities on the market. The advertiser pays all but a cent's worth of the cost of the newspaper, and would gladly pay that, no doubt, but for the fear of arousing the reader's suspicions. How much this has to do with the fact that I hear of likely young men who come out of the nursery of learning and look wistfully at the newspaper and fail to go around to buy one, and then go away and do something else. I don't know. It may be that likely young men never did troop in large swarms into newspapering. Banking usually looks better to them because men get rich at it, and law because a knowledge of it is no hindrance in any calling.

The supply of rooms and baths is not so nearly equal to human needs as the supply of newspapers, but it is gaining on the population. Out there at the house of some friend of mine, for example, it has caught up. In all the newer country houses hereabouts the great architectural feature is room and bath. In a Long Island house

just completed that I inspected last spring before the family moved in there were between twenty and twenty-five bath rooms. There were three people in the family, with a liability to guests if the owner's wife ever succeeded in getting rested. I thought this marked a considerable forward stride in civilization. Church unity still hangs back a bit, but we are pretty strong on plumbing, and the millennium may find us with a bath apiece.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Almost every human is more or less insistent on getting his pound of flesh.
Too many folk expect a harvest out of all proportions to what they have sown.

Men having been made to labor, every one should find contentment in work. But few do.

It's all right for the automobilists to get the horns and the wheels and the better if more of them were more active in this particular.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

An etiquette hint in the Palace Entertainers: "No lady will throw salt at anyone in public." Nor rocks either, for that matter.

As explained by Tom Thompson in his Howard Courant: A man is not a statesman till he gets over being a politician—that is, till he is dead politically.

The Rake family at East Washington, Brown county, will have to bestir themselves soon. They have a fine field of clover about ready to harvest. The Gas Guitch correspondent of the Wilson County Citizen: More rain, more kraut for the Dutch.

The mean old thing. Reports the Howard Courant: One Howard married lady who was invited to chaperone a camping out party of young folks insisted on hanging a lighted lantern over each hammock as soon as it was dark. It got so annoying to her that she never been asked to chaperone a camping out party since.

As reported by the Neodesha Register: A man purchased a revolver for his wife and insisted upon target practice, so that she could defend the home in case it was necessary when he might be absent. After the bullets had been dug out of his leg and the doctor buried, he said he guessed she had better shoot with an axe.

Public opinion is not an infallible guide. Frequently the public has mistaken the false for the true, the imitation for the genuine, and the untrue for the true. The fact to the world—Salina Journal. Dear! Dear! And that from Joe Bristow's paper—Iola Register. Never before was an insurgent guilty of admitting that the voice of the people was not the voice of God—Howard Courant.

Something in the way of a valuable tip from Mack Cretcher for people who would like "things" kept out of a newspaper. "We can most always keep an item out of the paper when asked to do so as a personal favor," writes Mr. Cretcher, "but when someone comes to us with a paper and asks us to print it anyhow, just to show some spunk. Queer, isn't it?"

Related by El Dorado Republican: Two little boys were selling lemonade to the crowd at the fair. A third gentleman stopped at the stand of the first little boy and drank three glasses of the beverage. He then passed to the stand of the second little boy. "Are you buried," he asked pleasantly. "That the little boy across the way only asks three cents a glass for his lemonade, while you charge five?" The lad addressed answered very readily. "Yes, I know mister, but his lemonade is what the puppy fell in."

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]
What finally becomes of the worms that go to the elder mill?

Stogies are recommended to those who would like to throw a curve ball.

Veterinary surgeons are not very anxious to be known as "hoss" doctors.

Popular approval wouldn't be so much sought after if it didn't carry a price.

Every man hopes he may some day become important enough to review a parade.

Women wear such tight gloves it's strange they haven't corns on their fingers.

As a man grows older, he gets over the notion that all his pockets should be occupied.

Blackbirds are not the only ones to make too much fuss when they get ready to leave.

Along late in the season, a straw hat begins to look worse than a fly feels at that time.

Fat folks are built for sitting down, and should be excused if they waddle when they walk.

New coats of paint may make an old house look like new, but they don't have that effect on a woman.

Girls may be careless in handling dishes, but they don't break all his engagements they get credit for.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who questioned the ability of a woman to throw a curve ball?

Cupid is a clever little cuss, but we contend that a bow and arrow aren't clothes enough for this climate.

If a man has nerve enough to rob a bank, why doesn't he become an agent and have laws to prevent?

Manufactures probably do a pretty good business, but there is small prospect of them getting caught up with their work.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]
It's so easy to begin an argument because it's so hard to end it.
A man doesn't mind burning up money if it's himself, not his family, doing it.
The only person who will work hard all the time, and without pay, too, is the housewife.
Women's rights aren't nearly so important for her to get hold of as the women's wrongs for her to get rid of.
If a man gets a counterfeit quarter passed on him, he's just crazy to have his wife go to church and put it in the collection plate.

KANSAS COMMENT

PRAISE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

The Democratic house has done splendid work. It has revised the house rules, dethroned the czar, and proved that better business can be done without a speaker-boss than with one.

What nonsense! The Democratic house made only one change in the rules, and that was to provide for the appointment of the committee by the committee on ways and means instead of by the speaker—a change which simply transferred the czarship from one man to another, from Mr. Clark to Mr. Underwood.

But what became of the real reforms that were instituted by the last Congress, "Calendar Wednesday," "Unanimous Consent Calendar," and "Discharge of Committee Calendar," the changes in the rules which were to restore real representation to the individual representatives? Have not the most important reforms been being done under these rules during the past five months? Well, hardly! The "Unanimous Consent Calendar," and the "Discharge of Committee Calendar" have been operative only on Mondays; and by some strange circumstances it always happens that when these Mondays come around the house was not in session; it had adjourned on Saturday or Sunday, or it was not entirely clear by just what fortuitous combination of incidents Calendar Wednesday was rendered inoperative.

The new regime, Success continues, "has proved that the house is capable of deliberating." The house deliberated so much that Mr. Underwood wanted it to, and not a minute longer, as anybody can see who will take the record and read the special rules under which the debates of the session are conducted.

The "deliberation" over the cotton tariff bill was a good example. When the house first passed this bill it was by a vote of 100 to 90. When it came back from the senate it was a bill of 600 lines and extended over the chemical schedule, the iron and steel schedule, and to the extension of the Gas Guitch correspondent of the Wilson County Citizen: More rain, more kraut for the Dutch.

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AN EXCELLENT LAW.

Out in California they passed a law which is a daisy. It provides for the maintenance of a family which has a lazy husband and father. As soon as a man declares that he will throw a curve ball, he is arrested and put to work for the state. He is allowed \$1.50 a day which is turned over to his family. If he is not in the house during the day, he is fined \$1.50. If he is in the house during the day, he is fined \$1.50. If he is in the house during the day, he is fined \$1.50.

FROM OTHER PENS

WOMEN AND FICTION.

This land of ours does certainly seem to belong to woman. It is the land of the story magazine, and especially to the story magazines—the fact that a majority of all the tales and all the verse therein is written by women and for women, and is written for women readers mainly.

When we say written for women readers, we mean the kind, the general character of the stories, the magazines is such as to appeal to woman's taste more than to man's. To illustrate, there is much prominence allowed to frocks and frills, descriptions of the most elaborate and accessories worn by the heroines and figurative throughout the stories. They are feminine, decidedly, those tricks of fiction.

Now, the question is: Why may this be the case? Is it because the women of America are more inclined to go in for the writing of short stories, or is it because the story magazines believe the reading public to consist largely of women, and in consequence, prefer to publish fiction written by feminine authors who are thought to know just how the women readers can be pleased most surely and continually? Or else is it that the women have far more talent, generally, in the line of writing, than the men?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OUTLAWING BAD BOOKS.

Following the store robbery and shooting of a policeman in Cleveland by a boy, inflamed by stories of wild west and highway robbery, a man of that city has introduced an ordinance prohibiting the sale of trashy and immoral books to the youth.

There should be such legislation in every city. We spend millions to educate a boy right; why not do something to keep him from being educated by the wrong books? We should be people from poisoning their bodies; why not a regulation to restrain them from poisoning their minds? To give a boy a book that is a black offense that should not be permitted. It is an attack on society that society should not tolerate.

We are greatly excited upon the question what school books shall be furnished the children. We should be a great deal more excited upon the question of keeping the bad books away from them. Ordinances are needed for this purpose. There is a vast amount of bad citizenship made by bad books, and there are stacks of bad books—Ohio State Journal.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

In the silver trail there's a sail tonight, And a ship stands in from the far sea line—
A shape that never is seen by day,
Bearing no store of mart or mine.

Out of the heaven of heart's desire
Many a year she's overdue;
Dreams forgotten and visions old,
Yearning hearts away for gold.

These are the wares she brings to you,
Spell of the lands of long ago,
Treasure of years when the heart was young—
Tears she brings and childish woe.

Wistful longing and kisses now,
The hope untold and the song unsung.
You never shall hear her anchor chains,
Nor ever the sound of her flapping sail;

Yet eyes that are weary, and old, and dim,
Have seen her far on the ocean rim
Sailing across the silver trail.
Charles W. Kenedy, in Ainslee's Magazine.

THE EVENING STORY

Moon-Blindness.

[By Martha McCulloch-Williams.]
"Marplot! Have I got to tie you?" Mrs. Velvin asked, gleefully, flinging a length of ribbon about Rayner's arm. "No doubt you want to go inside and talk to Patty. Content yourself, sir, with me! Even me, Patty! She wouldn't be at all good to you. Nor for your career. And I have but just got her and young Atherley well settled for the evening."

"If he stays until 11, I shall know he has proposed—"

"How shall you know it?" Rayner interrupted, smiling, yet not quite easily.

"A Velvin laughed softly. "Patty is a wise virgin," she said. "She never sacrifices her beauty sleep for trifles. O, no!" as she caught Rayner's look of annoyance. "She won't accept him—not on three days acquaintance—she will merely take him under consideration. Trust my child for that! I have brought her up even more successfully than if she were my very own."

"Hm! Are you six or two years her elder?" Rayner demanded.
"Again Mrs. Velvin laughed. "As to that, I don't know. I'm a bit," she said. "By Bible count I am four years ahead of my husband's dear daughter. Spiritually I'm four centuries ahead of me, the child would have grown absurdly sentimental."

"Then—I wish she had had another stepmother," Rayner broke out. "Still, I don't expect to believe even so much as she loves you, can make her mercenary, cold and calculating. When she marries it will be a man, not his money—"

"Why not say a man and his money?" Mrs. Velvin asked archly. "You can't deny, jealous as you are, that Atherley is a good sort."

"But not good enough for Patty—she deserves the very best," Rayner began eagerly.
"Meaning yourself?" Mrs. Velvin interposed with a pretense of a yawn. "Then she got up and dragged Rayner out into a moonlit garden, rose-scented, vital with the spice-breath of pinks."

"Listen to the words of wisdom," Mrs. Velvin said, "I'm your friend, Rayner, even more than Patty's. You are frightfully ambitious—you have so much in you it is no wonder. Remember Kipling. 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' With Patty you'd be too happy—you'd let go everything but money-making—care for nothing but to keep her in cotton-wool, and jewels and rings and all the fine things. Take my word for it, you'll never be a great man without the spur of unhappiness."

"Stop moping!" Rayner said, hotly. "So, you had no hand in this?"
"As Patty's husband, you'd have five years of absolute bliss. Then—you'd remember—and regret. You'd see the men you know are your inferiors going ahead of you in his way—and you standing still. You'd be sour and discontented. And that would make my girl miserable. So let her be. I won't have her miserable. She was made to be fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life."

"I don't believe it. Anyway I shall ask her," Rayner said more hotly than before. "I'll stop her, Mrs. Velvin, and onto the piazza they had quitted. It gave through long French windows upon the dim-lit parlor, where Atherley was sitting. Patty's eyes were Rayner peered at them, grinding his teeth. He had sought them full of a mad impulse—it died at sight of them securely conventional—Patty at the piano, and a minor chord now and then; Atherley telling sprightly tales of life in Paris."

He had spent a year there making big study philosophy. He had come away not much wiser than he went—still he had a certain air. Further, his globe trotting gave him a long advantage conversational. Rayner, who was a certain snick of seeing the humorous side of all things. How could even a desperate lover burst in upon such a pair and demand that they take instant choice? Rayner had been courting Patty steadfastly for six months. He had never got around to proposing—by ill luck he had thought—now he began to think it was by will of Mrs. Velvin. Atherley was palpably hit—still he was not a declared suitor. Convention may shackle even burning jealousy—Rayner, who was a certain snick of seeing the humorous side of all things. How could even a desperate lover burst in upon such a pair and demand that they take instant choice? Rayner had been courting Patty steadfastly for six months. 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